

# Licked Clean

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## Licked Clean by cuntoid

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Bloodplay, F/M, Fearplay, Forced Orgasm, Menstrual blood, Multi, Oral Sex, THE USUAL FROM ME TBH, Teeth, drool, dubcon, noncon, tonguefuck

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**Characters:** Pennywise (IT)

**Relationships:** Pennywise x Reader

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**Warnings:** Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Rape/Non-Con

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**Summary:**

Pennywise has a need, and you're on the bleed.

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Pain roils deep in the tender, cramping flesh of your cunt, tucked far up inside in an endless spasming of nerves and tissue and ache. The only thing that makes you a little less miserable is having time to yourself, late enough to binge your shows guilt-free and lounge on the couch in your ratty sweats.

The last few nights have proven difficult to bear alone - with the dark comes a certain nagging fear, keeping your mind alert at all times to the possibility of... *something*. Anything that might justify the feeling of eyes everywhere, watching and waiting. The fine hairs on the back of your neck stand as you ponder it, having been thoroughly distracted by your own period cramps all goddamn day.

You slowly turn to scan the darkness in the hallway. Nothing. Predictably.

"Ohh, there is *one* thing..."

Your heart stops as a low giggle follows the voice, the lazy, singsong quality of it stealing every bit of strength from your body. You sit motionless and feel a distinct disconnect from your reality; it doesn't seem real as you turn around once more to locate the origin of the sound. It feels even *less* real when you see something hulking in the shadows, nearly brushing the ceiling as it begins to make its way toward you. Each step brings it closer to the lamplit living room, and all you can think to do is stare at how massive his hands are as they sway at his sides, the burning glow of its feline eyes.

There's no rush of adrenaline, no sense of fight or flight as he approaches the back of the couch. All you feel capable of doing is staring catatonically, unable to even think of what the fuck you're supposed to do. This is a nightmare, it's a horror film, and you're smart enough to know that pretty much everyone dies in those.

"I like your kind," he teases, wagging a long, clawed finger at you. "So afraid you can't even run. Easy meal."

He chuckles and slides his huge hands over the back of the couch

until his claws rip through the fabric in his grip. He licks the edges of his sharp teeth and a choral growl vibrates up from his broad frame, through what looks like a cavern of teeth behind his full, painted lips.

"I don't need a meal, you know, but I could eat a little snack. I've been *watching you*, mmmm! Yes, I have! And you smell particularly appetizing..." His smile drops and his jaw goes slack, eyes rolling to the sides as viscous strings of drool drip from his lip, streaking his chin. He hisses upon inhaling, eyes refocusing as he circles the arm of the couch to stand before you. The scrape of his shoes against your toes is the first thing that seems to warrant a physical response, pulling your legs up with the intention of folding them under you.

He's quicker than that - in a flash, he's got your ankle in his fingers. Revulsion washes over you in waves - the feeling of his skin triggers every alarm in your body to the fact that it's *not human*. It strikes a chord deep in your blood, into the parts of you that retain infinitesimal information from generations before you, an old knowledge that wells up like tears. Primal instinct tells you that you're already dead.

He shakes out of his trance and little silver bells jingle as he laughs, guiding your foot firmly down against the floor. As he traces his fingers back up your calf, he drags the leg of your sweat up and strokes along the curve of muscle, til he hooks his fingers under your knee to feel the smooth flesh hidden there.

"You've been *teasing* Pennywise - that's not very nice. *Mm-mm*. But now... *n o w*, I'll take what's mine. I bet you taste sweet. I bet your skin *pops* under my teeth," he says, voice deepening into a growl that vibrates through the floor.

You whimper a little and he gasps like he wants to breathe it in and taste it, twisting his fingers into your bottoms and tearing them open. In a strange moment of misplaced fear, you feel the urge to warn it that you're on your period, that you're fairly covered in blood - and then, it no longer matters. Your red, gore-slicked sex is bared to him and he leans to smell you. He grabs at your thighs, digging his nails into your flesh until his nails pierce through and his earlier promise is more or less kept, all the while snuffling at the sharp scent.

Nothing prepares you for the way his mouth yawns open, gullet scaled in pointed teeth that shine with his drool, the inky black tongue *growing* from the cavern of his throat until it laps at the tender juncture of your thigh. Even with his face split open like this, he manages to snicker at the way you wiggle, lapping at the swollen lips of your cunt so softly that you have to swallow your moans.

"Th-this isn't real," you breathe. "I'm dreaming. I'm just ha-having a n- nightmare." It feels real. It feels real when he closes his jaws on your body, pressing hundreds of needlepoints against your skin in warning. You shut up and he continues his rhythmic licking, sloppy, broad strokes that soak you dripping and set your body on fire. He lathes over your clit in smooth, undulating strokes, the sensation so utterly disgusting that you swallow against the urge dry heave as your guts clench and roil.

He moans as his jaws retract and his face comes together again, mouth stretched only large enough to accommodate his thick tongue as it draws pleasure down your body, tingling through the roadmap of your veins and gathering to tighten at your core as he licks you clean. He takes notice, quirking an eyebrow and huffing a breathy little giggle before he thrusts inside of your body.

You scream against the intrusion with nowhere to go, his grip like a hot iron on your thighs, seating you until he sees fit to let you go. His tongue squirms inside of you like it's alive, swelling and rippling against the throbbing walls of your cunt.

The edge of his prominent front teeth grazes your clit in a way that shoots bright, sharp pain up through your spine like an electric shock and you're whimpering again as it shocks you over the edge. Climax hits you hard, whiting out your vision and filling your body with smoke, with fireworks and sparks and *confetti* -

Pennywise moans and makes a sound somewhere between panting and laughing as he thrusts through your shuddering, focusing on the places that make you squeeze down on him and buck your hips. You're limp and entirely vulnerable as he slides his tongue out and cleans up his mess, tasting your cum and catching any last threads of blood as you come back to earth. Your pussy is sensitive, every nerve raw, but he continues leisurely until he's had his fill of you and

releases your bruises thighs, moving briefly to lick the wounds clean.

He winks up at you and waggles his fingers, waving his hands around and pulling a big, red balloon from thin air. He presents it to you and grins. You can see your blood on his teeth.

"Every player gets a prize, kiddo! See you again *real soon*."

He snaps his fingers in your face and vanishes within the span of your blink. You're left trembling with a balloon in your fist, pulling your legs up and cradling your sore cunt.